

Ask for "HILL'S" FIVE MILLION PEOPLE USED IT LAST YEAR HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores

Cuticura Soap SHAVES Without Mug Cuticura Soap is the favorite form for safety razor shaving.

A bachelor doesn't consider a girl baby worth kissing unless she is sweet sixteen.

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Thanked for Cranking.

Some time ago I went with a friend to see an acquaintance at a hospital, and as we were leaving my friend stopped in the corridor to exchange a few words with a doctor.

The recent celebration of the anniversary of Brazilian independence brings to mind several interesting facts concerning this growing nation.

Brazil, with the exception of Cuba, is the youngest of the Latin-American republics. Unlike Cuba, however, Brazil enjoyed independence long before the change of government came.

Again, most unlike its sister republics of Spanish America, Brazil effected the radical change without bloodshed.

Dom Pedro was a wise, as well as a lovable, monarch; when he saw that the majority opinion favored a republican form of administration, he graciously abdicated and retired from public life.

If only certain European monarchs had possessed similar foresight and common sense but a few years ago!

Keep Milk Fresh.

One of the wonders of the British Dairy association show, according to the London Daily News, was a Danish appliance for keeping milk fresh for two years or more.

Nearly every proposition looks a sure winner—on paper.

Get rich quick schemes are all right—until you wake up.

Some silence may be golden but most of it is ironical.

BULLY!

If Bilious, Constipated or Headachy, take "Cascarets"

Feel grand! Clean up inside! Your system is filled with liver and bowel poison which keeps your skin sallow, your stomach upset, your head foggy and aching.

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. FLETCHER Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

A fool at 40 may have known it all at 20.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 4 oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

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DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

by Jane Bunker

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Which I thought I was—considering; but I didn't mean to let him see I thought so. Without waiting for any more compliments I finished, "You see, you'd discovered you couldn't get in while I was in, so if you wished to get in, you had to come while I was out—and I gave you the chance. Perfectly simple."

"A mere decoy—such as anybody might use," Billy tossed at him. "I hope you're convinced—it was a mere decoy," said I, pointing to the letter in his hand.

"You have convinced me," he replied bitterly, looking at his hand-cuffs. "Permit me to congratulate you, madame. You are ze first person—man or woman—in Europe or America—who has caught De Ravenol in a trap. Madame, you are clever—you are brave—you are a so sagacious intellect. And now, madame, permit me to ask you, what are you going to do wis me?"

It wasn't so much what he said as the way he said it that drove a sudden chill through my bones. I'd been asking myself that for several minutes; but as monsieur put it, it was well—like pulling up a fishing line when you think you've got a bite and finding you've got a piece of a forest in tow. I had to say something, however, and this was the thing that seemed called for:

"Give you up to the police."

Monsieur rose unsteadily to his feet and holding out his manacled hands to me—and he was really impressive in spite of his being so rumpled and sloppy—he slowly uttered: "Madame, before you call in ze police, I have something of great importance to yourself to communicate."

He paused. I nodded.

"ZESE DIAMONDS WHICH HAVE BEEN STOLEN BELONG TO ZE EMPEROR OF GERMANY."

With those words monsieur actually turned the tables on us! It was at once his statement of our mistake and our misfortune. Billy says he "saw warships carrying Atlantic waves," and I saw an army with banners. And behind all their immediate significance, stood an ironclad background that spelled determination. A minute before we had been dealing with a man; now we were dealing with a power.

I am free to admit that neither Billy nor I doubted the truth of the statement once it was uttered—there was an atmosphere about monsieur and his manacled hands that carried conviction; and while many details were still unexplained, his statement did explain the diamonds. Which was the main thing, for I'd always said they never belonged to any but a crowned head. There are some things in this world much too large for private parties to carry the responsibility of. And so completely I was captured by an adequately explained ownership that I was almost ready to pull the diamonds from their hiding place at the bottom of the sideboard drawer and send them back—per monsieur—to the Emperor William with my compliments, when Billy burst out, "Where's your proof?" in a way that struck me as irreverent, not to say rude.

Monsieur repressed a sneer and replied that certain proofs would be forthcoming at the proper moment; and that meanwhile, throwing himself upon our mercy and to illuminate the mistake we'd made, he would tell us everything—and would start with the legend of the so precious stones.

Once upon a time, about the fourteenth century, or so, there lived in one of the states comprising the now United Fetherland, a very powerful grand duke or kinglet, with two grown sons; and in another neighboring province the size of Greater New York lived another very powerful duke, who boasted a beautiful daughter.

Those were the days when war was cheaper than peace. But since a war between these two kinglets would inevitably lead to the total extermination of both parties and leave nothing to show for their prowess but heaps of fire-scorched stones and a few half-witted peasants—who had no right to be alive, anyway—these wise kinglets bethought them that by uniting their forces—and incidentally a son and a daughter—they could together conquer the surrounding territory for as much as two square miles.

Now, Oscar, the prospective bridegroom, was busily engaged in a dramatic border war with a powerful duchy the size of Nantucket, so there was naught for it but to dispatch the handsome younger brother, Fritz, to plight his brother's troth by proxy.

The gates were set, and all seemed moving along its appointed course, when post-haste comes a trusty messenger and delivers himself of the tale he has ridden all day to bring—that Oscar has been smitten through

the helmet, thereby losing a nose, an upper lip and a chin; and was now in the throes of dissolution.

Consternation reigned in the castle, broken by the sobs of the fair Elfreda, the shy glances of the bereaved brother—who would become the heir apparent—and the wise silence of the old kinglet.

It was not long before a decision was reached satisfactory to all persons—except Oscar, lying in his tent comforting himself with thoughts of the grief of his beautiful betrothed, whom he had never set eyes on; for the two young people, Fritz and Elfreda, knowing that a marriage between the families was greatly to be desired, and warmed with a high sense of duty to the fast-departing Oscar—

and it may be, a natural shrinking on the part of the lady from the embraces of a husband minus an upper lip, a nose and a chin, and plus some sixty various and sundry other wounds and scars to boot—hastened the ceremony and were united by the castle priest in the bonds of holy matrimony before the sun rose.

Imagine the messenger's feelings on arriving at the castle and finding Oscar, instead of lying at peace in the family chapel with solemn candles at his head and his heels, making a fast recovery by the aid of his devoted mother in spite of his nose and his chin and his lip!

Still, the news of the unpremeditated marriage was a tonic all around—especially to the messenger. Oscar cut off his head and hung it out of the window to air and then promptly got well in a way that gave him grim satisfaction and his mother considerable uneasiness for her darling; and no sooner was Oscar able to sit his horse than he directed his attention and his army against her whom he was pleased to call "faithless" and the brother whom he designated as "an unholly handit."

Then did the fair lady call unto her her own private scribe and she indited a beautiful letter in her own hand handwriting, and in it she told the noble warrior that the mistake was here—as she saw by his gloriously scarred face—and she took all the blame and offered herself and her blood as a sacrifice in the appeasing of his righteous wrath. Then she called her most faithful maid-of-all-work and said: "Lady-in-waiting, I deliver this into thy keeping. Now fetch me my golden goblet, lock the door and ask no questions."

And with this attended to, Elfreda, stationing the lady-of-all-work in the proper attitude with the goblet in readiness to catch her heart's blood, plunged a dagger in her bosom and died.

The faithful lady-in-waiting obediently caught the blood as it fell—seven great drops. But, oh, miracle—when she looked into the golden goblet what did she behold? Seven drops, unmixt as when they fell from the gaping wound of her beloved mistress—seven glorious blood-red diamonds!

But she was strictly honest. The letter and the diamonds, still in the golden goblet, were conveyed to Oscar at the appointed hour, and at sunset the two brothers united their tears above the bier of the beautiful Elfreda.

Such was the legendary origin of the most wonderful diamonds in the world—a collection created by miracle; and thenceforth, in keeping with their mystic origin, they assumed a peculiar role in the history of nations, binding bargains and sealing treaties of peace.

But now the later legends had endowed the stones with occult powers which were imparted to their possessors—the renewal of youth, wealth, untold energy of mind and spirit.

A century after the stones were taken to Venice and cut and their real glory was revealed to the world; and at last they excited the envy of Bismarck and came into the possession of the emperor, grandfather to the present William, thence to William the Present.

To this legend Billy and I had listened with unblinking interest. Monsieur told it in the sustained manner of one immersed to secrets of state. It was he who broke the spell of our silence by asking me for a glass of water.

I carried the water to him and turned away my eyes while he held the glass with his two hands to his lips.

"That's quite a yarn," observed Billy, blowing out a cloud.

"Yarn?" questioned monsieur. "Story—tale—narrative," Billy explained. "Une histoire," on which monsieur brightened and declared: "C'est une veritable histoire."

"True when it happened," translated Billy. "But what I don't see is, where you come in on the diamond deal."

"I?" said monsieur, giving me a look that asked: "Is there anything I have not beautifully explained?"

"Yes—you; I don't seem yet to see where you belong in this veritable histoire," returned Billy, looking about for an ash tray, but driving at his point—"I don't see what part you play in it at all? Granted that the diamonds belong to the Emperor William—now, then, what are you doing with them?"

"I?" again he looked at me. "I am trying to find zem for ze Emperor William."

"All right. But what are you doing with them—in America?" Billy's tone was severe. "That is what you have to answer."

Billy looked the man straight in the eyes, defiantly, and I thought, for just the fraction of a second, that he quailed under the boyish honest stare.

"Yes, sir," continued Billy, as monsieur did not immediately reply. "Here's quite a gap between the emperor's owning them and your having them. Very possibly I am lacking in imagination, but to be quite frank, I can't see the connection."

It was to me monsieur appealed. "Ah, madame, what more can I say? I am at your mercy—" and he held out his manacled hands.

I hardened under Billy's look at me and replied coolly: "I think you'd better tell us how you came by the diamonds. I can't see the precise connection between the Emperor William and yourself."

Monsieur appeared to choke back a number of emotions and then declared, "Madame must pardon me, but zoze—are secrets—of state!"

He did it really magnificently—alighting the great man, the confidant of kings, and that—on top of the rest—convinced me of his sincerity. Before I could reply, Billy pulled my sleeve and demanded: "Where's an ash tray?—I'm getting this stuff all over your best rug. Get me a plate or something out of the kitchen," and with his eyes he said: "Leave this man to me for a minute, will you?"

I stepped into the kitchen and heard Billy say to monsieur in a low voice: "I see I don't need to point out to you the position you're placing yourself in by refusing an explanation as to how you came to have those diamonds in your possession. There's only one thing left for me to think."

He paused and I thought, "Heavens! Is he going to accuse monsieur?" And he did.

"YOU STOLE THEM."

I was rooted to the floor. The reply came like a shot—"Monsieur!" and De Ravenol leaped to his feet. The two

men had given and taken a mortal blow—for monsieur, in his single word, had returned as good as he got, and they now measured each other.

Billy broke the silence and recalled me with: "Say—where's that ash tray?"

The scarlet that had leaped to monsieur's cheeks faded as I entered the room. He stood. He towered. Yet he spoke with humility.

"It is not as De Ravenol I explain how it is I am seeking ze diamonds zat belong to ze Emperor William—it is as ze emperor's messenger to ze court of Mexico. And yet—it is as plain De Ravenol—ze fazer of Claire whom you know—zat I implore you to keep my confidence zat I give you now at ze peril of my life."

He paused, and we both felt constrained to assure him we would keep his confidence, and he proceeded.

"I have undertook zis secret mission for which ze emperor have select me from all his friends—as he have select me. I may call myself his friend—and I have dedicate myself to it wis all my zeal."

"Since Napoleon I, Europe has seen no like der Kaiser Wilhelm—he is warrior and conqueror in his heart, even as zey were—we have now ze concert of powers zat prevent to one man to own ze whole of Europe any more."

"And ze emperor looks ahead for ze future of his people and he say: 'How do zey be fed in kundred years? Ze fields of all ze fazerland—ze science of all ze fazerlands will not do it. But wis money, my people may buy zeyr food as zey will—beef and wheat from ze whole world.' Wis industry—manufactures—commerce—we have ze money. But zat our commerce does us some valuable good, we must make some alliances for zis purpose. England have set her seal on India, her

boot on Africa and her hand on Canada; but she have not touch ze Latin nations—she owns not Mexico—she controls not yet ze some-day Panama canal. Zere we have great strategic point for future development zat England have not got hold of." In Mexico, zen, ze Emperor William sees some bright future for ze fazerland.

"Now ze madame president of Mexico is young; she have great beauty and she rule her venerable husband wis zat beauty—as have women at all times. So once she have hear ze legend of ze seven blood-red diamonds. Above all ozer sings in ze world she desire zoze diamonds and she have communicate her wish to der kaiser and he have seen in her wish some way to his own for ze fazerland."

"To zis end he have arrange treaty wis Mexico which make Mexico a sister state of ze great German alliance he have in mind. To zis end, also, he have commissioned me—"

The rest of what monsieur said just then was lost on me, for there had swooped on me a lightning stroke of understanding—the whole nefarious scheme of Germany and the emperor lay bare to my inner eye. Mexico—the Panama canal—these were the strategic points of a world conquest such as history had never witnessed. Germany in possession of Mexico, with half a million troops massed on our border—why, she could flippantly tread on the lion's tail any day and go to war and say to us: "Help England—and lose Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and California." With half a million troops in Mexico, Germany could spank us into almost anything!

And Mexico, with her almost untouched resources; with her hot-blooded troops under German discipline for twenty years—for ten—for five!

But I could stop it! For the lever that was to set the scheme in motion was thumb-tacked to the bottom of my sideboard drawer—the seven blood-red diamonds!

Monsieur's voice had reached a stop. My resolve was taken.

"Never!" was the one impassioned word I uttered.

Billy echoed it—"Never!" His thoughts had flown with mine and had seen the impending calamity which we two, out of the world, could now prevent. Then, drawing himself to his full height, he gave forth our ultimatum to the nation at large: "You just go back and tell your Emperor William that he can never have Mexico or the Panama canal."

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THE ultimate is to tr... teasy; To c... important... We ca... witho... can gi... A M... F... H. L. PE... Embalmer... No... Ontar... Flou... Custom g... lots... Excl... Buy your o... wheat to s... NYSS... P. M... For an... ment... LIBER... Saturday, Sund... THE CIT... AT... I Ai... to take c... BES... REA... HAN... Nys